

Poems Are Scary Things

by Gary Hardaway

They wait in bars to buy you drinks
and, when you aren't aware,
will slip a roofie in your glass
then take you to a cheap hotel
and use you for their pleasure
with the internetted web cam on.

They will bring you home to meet the family
and father, mother, sister, brother
each, in turn, will make a fool of you.

They will dress in black
and practice martial arts against you.
They will reach in and steal your heart
and rearrange the valves and muscles
to beat in patterns strange and frightening.

They will take you, naked,
and put their tongues and fingers
into intimate, erogenous openings
you didn't know you had.

They will lull you and entrance you
with strange, forgotten music
and, while you are enthralled,
will slip like vaped spirits
through enchanted ears
into the matrices of mind and memory
and reconfigure everything.